was a poor asylum, from which one could not elope. It went with wards, walls, and barred windows from which it was possible to sling two knotted sheets without danger of falling.

It was not a part of our system. I doubt we even had one. We improvised. There was no point in running away from us. It was unnecessary, and it was too easy. We were a "non-custodial facility." All we had on our windows were flimsy screens. They'd not have held a baby's weight, let alone a man or a woman's. There were no wards that one could trick a foot-sore nurse into thinking one was sleeping in, with a score of sleepers. Our feet were often sore, but we only minded a few shared rooms. Michael was just doing what people did in mental hospitals. Perhaps he figured that if he did it long enough he'd eventually be there physically as well as mentally.

We never found out what he did, though we knew where he went. I don't think he did much at all. Going home by streetcar early in the morning, Babs would see him sipping a coffee on a park bench in a seedy Hogtown neighborhood. Every Hogtown neighborhood was seedy. He could have gone anywhere to sip his coffee, although in most places he couldn't have stayed longer than fifteen minutes. The cheaper coffee shops were more lenient. There were plenty of those where he lived. I suppose they couldn't afford to risk alienating their clientele. If you loitered in any of these establishments you'd eventually notice that a large proportion